

BOOTH'S GRAVE IS REVEALED

Edwin Booth Told Story of His Brother's Burial to John T. Sullivan.

Considerable interest has been aroused the last few days by a story from Oklahoma of a man who, claiming to be John Wilkes Booth, slayer of President Lincoln, has been taken into custody by the authorities. It is reported that the man, who is claimed to be John Wilkes Booth, is a native of the East and that he is not the body and prove that it is not that of the man who first made a president of the United States. Corbett is supposed to be a martyr. Corbett is supposed to be the best authority on the subject in the United States, and he has always claimed that he shot Booth, in spite of the often repeated assertion that Booth was not shot, but was spirited away by Southern sympathizers, and is yet alive, or was until recently.

But there is a man in Kansas City today who heard the real story of the death, and especially of the burial, of John Wilkes Booth, from the lips of the Booth's brother, Edwin Booth, the wonderful tragedian. This is perhaps the first time the story ever appeared in print, for Edwin Booth almost never mentioned his assassin brother, and mentioned his burial for reasons which the story makes perfectly obvious. It was told to John T. Sullivan, now appearing at the Orpheum, under the name of "The Great American Tragedian," which only death has taken from him. But the story is so full of interest, and the assertions of the Oklahoma suicide that he was John Wilkes Booth are so preposterous to make public the true account of the unfortunate man's end.

"There is one man in the United States (and only one)," said Mr. Sullivan, in his dressing room yesterday, "who could identify absolutely the body of Booth, and that man is John Matthews, assistant secretary of the Actors' Fund of New York. Mr. Matthews was in the company with John Wilkes Booth on the night that Lincoln was killed, and he saw the whole affair. Not only that, but he was a close friend of Booth, and knew his every characteristic. He could say in a second that the Oklahoma body is not that of the famous assassin. But there is no need of that, for the body of John Wilkes Booth now rests in the family lot of the Booths, in a Baltimore cemetery. Boston Corbett may have shot Booth in that Virginia barn, but since he did, why should he come back to identify the body of a man whom he saw only once, and then at its burial, in a condition which would make identification almost impossible? If that is any good, that it is not Booth, why not bring Matthews here and let him straighten it out?"

"But that that could not possibly be Booth's body, the most absolute assurance," came to me from Edwin Booth, his brother, with whom I was leading men for years. We played together right here in Kansas City at the old Coates house, and were close friends as well as fellow actors. Edwin Booth told me the true story of the burial of his brother's body, and I am now telling it for the first time in the world. Only his death could have unsealed my lips, and not even death, had not there been this occasion to call it forth.

"The original idea," said Mr. Sullivan, further, "was to kidnap Lincoln, but Samuel Arnold and James McLaughlin, each of whom was to kill one cabinet officer, backed out on the day that Lincoln was to have been visited by Fort Stephens, seven miles from Washington, where early on his raid had been beaten back. Atteroth, a German house painter at Fort Tobacco, was to have killed Vice President Johnson at Kirkwood's. Payne, a blockade runner, tried to kill Sec. Seward in his house in Lafayette square, afterwards occupied by James G. Blaine, now the Lafayette Square theatre."

"After the shooting, Booth met Harold at the pension office, and they rode over to the hotel and Long bridge to Surrattsville, where he went on to Dr. Mudd's, three miles from Bryansville. The doctor set the broken leg for \$25. There a negro named Swan, for \$5 showed them the road to Allen's Fresh. There they stayed with a Southern sympathizer, Samuel Cox. From there they made their way first by boat on the Potomac river, then by stage to the court house, and then to the farm, where they were surrounded in his barn by L. C. Baker, chief of the United States secret service, and his men."

"From Edwin Booth, who told me

this, I had the conversation which took place, and which he afterwards obtained from those who took part in the scene:

Baker—You must surrender. Give up your arms. We have 50 men. We give you five minutes.

Booth—Who are you and what do you want with us?

Baker—We have waited long enough. Surrender, or we will fire on the farm. Booth—I'm a cripple—a one-legged man. Withdraw your forces 100 yards from the door and I'll come. Give me a chance for my life, captain. I will never be taken alive.

Baker—We did not come here to fight, but to capture you. I say again, appear or the barn shall be fired.

Booth (still invisible)—Well, then, boys, prepare a stretcher for me. (Then in Harold's): You are a coward—go, go!

LYNCH'S FRIENDS SEEK HIS PARDON.



Powerful friends of Col. Arthur Lynch, sentenced to life imprisonment for fighting against England in the Boer war, are striving to secure a pardon for the brave soldier. This notwithstanding the fact that Lynch's sentence has already been commuted from the death penalty.

I don't want you to stay! (To Baker): There's a man inside who wants to surrender.

Harold (rattling door)—Let me out! I want to surrender.

Baker—Hand out your arms.

Harold—I haven't got any.

Baker—Where's the carbine you got at Lloyd's?

Booth—It's mine. He has no arms.

Harold put his hands through the door. Baker handcuffed him and gave him into the custody of Col. E. J. Conner of Ohio, afterward congressman.

Booth—Captain, give me a chance. Draw off your men and I'll fight them singly. I could have killed you six times tonight, but I believe you to be a brave man and would not murder you. Give a lame man a show.

"Col. Conner slipped to the rear and put some loose straws through a crack and hit them. It burned rapidly. Booth could be seen behind the blaze—a mag-

nificent creature, very much like his brother Edwin—leaning on a crutch, his carbine poised. Word was hastily passed around to fire, no shot, as it would only be a moment and he would have to leave the building. As the fire increased, Booth strode to the door, bumping, opening it and burst through the flames with carbine raised to fire. A disordered sergeant, with his eye at a knothole, fired on the figure, in the neck, and he fell in a heap. Booth's last words were, "Tell—mother—and I die—for my country. I thought I did for the best."

"Baker said: 'Booth, do I repeat correctly?' Booth nodded his head, saying frequently as he lay on the mattress Garrett's people brought out: 'Kill me—kill me.' Finally, at 5 a. m., he motioned that he wanted to see his hands. They were lifted up, but he could not see or feel them—they were paralyzed. He said: 'Useless! Useless!'—the last words he ever uttered."

"His body was sewed up in an army blanket, and in a wagon was moved to Washington by Baker and Conner—just as Lincoln's body was moving in state across the country."

"Booth's body was exhibited to certain people in Washington, for purposes of identification—Edwin being taken from Philadelphia, practically under arrest, to identify it. Edwin C. Stanton turned the corpse over to Baker. When Baker was asked, years afterward:

"The cure of the severest cases of rheumatism by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People has occurred all over the land and their power in ordinary cases is proportionately greater. These marvelous vegetable pills go directly to the seat of the trouble and exert a powerful influence in purifying and enriching the blood by eliminating poisonous elements and renewing health-giving forces. They are a specific not only for rheumatism, but for all ailments arising from a disordered condition of the blood or shattered nervous system, such as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, nervous headache, the after-effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and gallow complexion, and all forms of weakness either in male or female."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold only in boxes at fifty cents a box or six boxes for two dollars and fifty cents, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

the bullet went through. The others were hanged. The execution was July 6, in the old penitentiary jail yard at City Point, south of the old pension building.

Sergeant Boston Corbett was stationed 30 feet from the barn with instructions not to go near it. He discharged and was marched back under arrest.

"It has always been supposed that Booth's body was interred beneath the flagstones in the court yard of the old district jail there the same fall, by the way, in which J. Gardner, the slayer of Garfield, was hanged."

"However, it was not buried there. That story was told to keep the public mind at peace."

"When some of the neighbors against the Booth family had died out, Edwin Booth obtained secret permission to disinter the body of his brother, and to bury it properly, in the family lot. He had this done, very quietly, of course, and without anyone behind the scenes, the body of the unfortunate man was properly interred in Baltimore. There it is today, and Edwin Booth rests beside it."

When he had the body disinterred, Edwin Booth identified it beyond the shadow of a doubt as that of his brother, and it is absolute rot and folly for anyone to assert otherwise. The permission to exhume it came from the United States government, which, of course, was well informed on its place of burial, and was given after application to that effect had been made by Edwin Booth in person. It was the only time he ever entered Washington after the killing of Lincoln, and if you will remember, the fact that he was there was commented upon at the time, though, of course, he did not play there; no one knew what took him there."

"That is the real story of the body of John Wilkes Booth. It is absolutely true, for I had it from Edwin Booth himself, and I am one of the extremely few persons who ever heard him speak of his brother. That he was killed in that Virginia barn is proved by the secret service archives. That he was, supposedly buried in the Washington district jail yard, is believed by nearly everyone today. That he never was buried there, but was interred first on that island in the Potomac, and later in Baltimore, is news that I never would have told, had not this Oklahoma matter come up. As I say, if they want to dispute the Oklahoma story, let them send for John Matthews, and not a man who only saw Booth one time, and then to shoot him."

"I have always believed," continued Mr. Sullivan, "that Mrs. Surratt could have been proved innocent, and her life could have been saved, had her son, John H. Surratt, returned. She had nothing to do with the plot, Edwin Booth told me, except that the conspirators met at her house. Atteroth, Payne, Harold and Mrs. Surratt were hanged July 14, at old City Point, Washington City. They were convicted as conspirators and assassins."—Kansas City Journal.

CATCHING COLD

MORE DANGER FROM BAD VENTILATION THAN FROM DRAUGHTS.

Many Serious Diseases Have Arisen From Neglected Colds—Some Useful Hints.

"Most colds," said a well-known physician, "are caught by infection, generally from the breath of someone else who has a cold."

"When you are in a close room with a person who is sneezing and stuffing, open the window if you can, or you may catch that cold yourself. More colds are caught through being in ill-ventilated, stuffy rooms than from draughts."

Don't neglect a cold. It may run into influenza, rheumatism, consumption or any of a number of diseases. As an instance, take the case of William H. Lovett, a farmer of Galva, Kans. He says:

"I caught a little cold summer before last. I didn't do anything for it and before long my health began to run down. Then I began to have twinges in my legs. They grew worse and about the twentieth of June I had to take to my bed with rheumatism."

"What cured me?" Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. For four months I was unable to do any of the work about the place, my legs swelled. I had terrible pains and the doctor didn't help me a bit. Then my legs in-law recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and in about two weeks after beginning with them I felt better. They did wonders for me and now I recommend them to every one who suffers as I did."

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TRUTH IN A NUTSHELL.

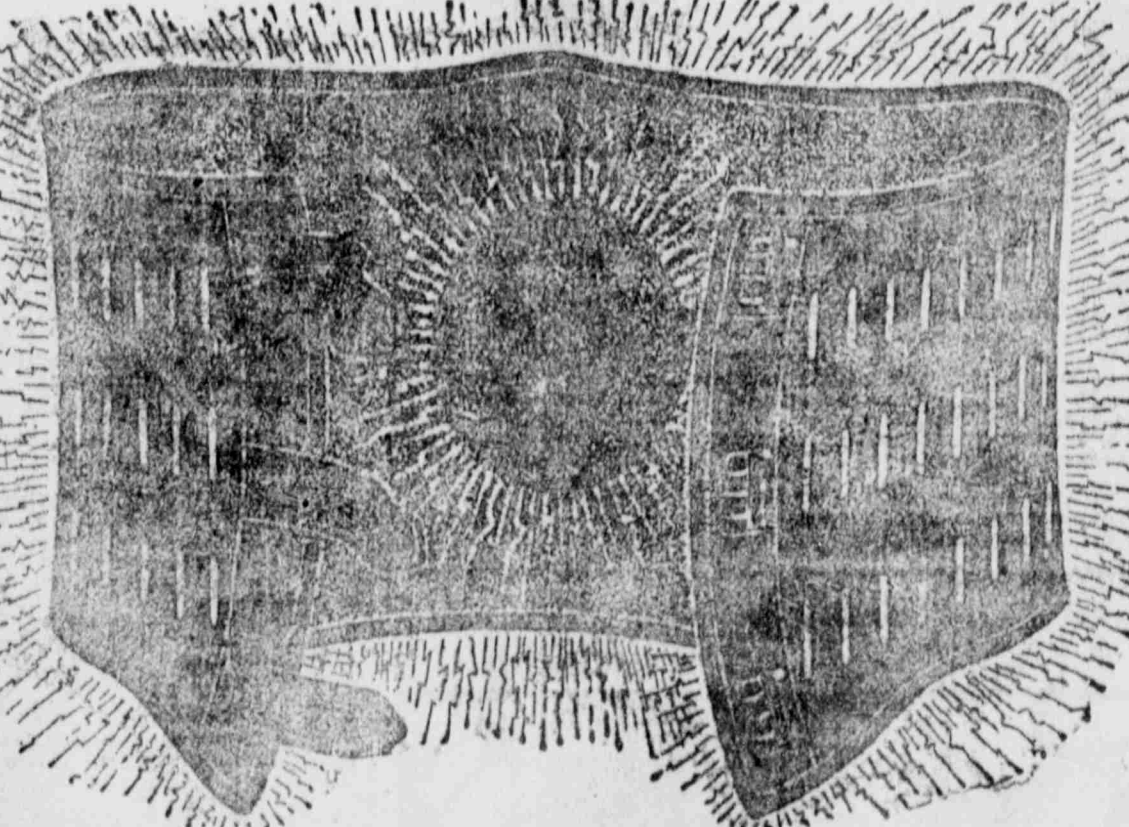
Argumentive Prices That Are Bringing the Crowds Our Way.

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35 cts The sort of a Baby's shoe that is worth 75c anywhere, neat style, well made of genuine dongoila with patent tip. Sizes 2 to 5.	\$1.30 Good firm work shoes in plain toe sorts, solid and serviceable. The good solid leather sorts. Value regular is \$1.75. Sewall styles in strap sandals, 5 sorts to choose from, patent or kid. Values up to \$1.75.	\$2.85 Folks hereabouts know the fame of the well worth for men and women, not only a bet- ter shoe than any \$4.00 shoe, but equals many \$5.00 sorts, then too, hundreds of pairs of \$5.00 shoes from our big purchase are included. One of the Banner Values of the bunch.
75 cts A good shoe for the little ones, sizes 5 to 8, genuine dongoila, heavy sole with patent tip, a regular \$1.00 value.	Here and There Values.	Best Shoes Made.
FOR GIRLS.	50 cents For Men's 75c House Slippers.	\$3.85 The best shoe made, women's sorts are mostly \$5.00. The Wilbert & Gardner's make in patent kid or vel, light or heavy sole, the very swiftest sorts, go at \$3.85.
\$1.00 Shoes for the larger girls, sizes from 8 1/2 to 12, fit ages 6 to 15, good form, calf or kid, a splendid \$1.50 value regular.	\$1.00 For P. Cox best grade Child's Shoes.	Men's sorts: Our famous aristocrat shoe, equals the \$6.00 and \$7.00 shoes, shown hereabouts as the highest grade Boot Shop models.
FOR BOYS.	\$1.00 Good shoes for small boys sizes 9 to 13, worth \$1.50.	FOR WOMEN.
\$1.15 For romping boys, we sell a solid real calf shoe made on neat shape last, all sizes, for all ages of boys, worth \$1.50 to \$1.75.	75 cents For ladies' first-class house slippers, worth \$1.50 and \$1.75.	75 cts A clean up of all women's warm lined slippers, very best of styles and making. Values \$1.25 to \$1.75.
BIG LEADER.	No discount on Boys' Bay State Shoes.	\$1.00 For Women will buy a good shoe of dongoila, regular value is \$1.75.
\$1.95 Boys men's, or women's shoes, the sorts worth as high as \$5. This is one of the big leaders of the sale and includes 2,000 pairs, so you have a big assortment.		

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MRS. FRANCES MITCHELL.

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Mrs. Frances Mitchell

Fully 1,500,000 afflicted American women have been cured of female diseases in the privacy of their homes by Wine of Cardui and everyone of them would give it the same praise Mrs. Mitchell gives. Every weak woman needs Wine of Cardui. What better present could be taken to a suffering relative or friend than a bottle of this great medicine? That is the quickest and most satisfactory way to bring joy to the despondent sufferer in your home—to really make your loved ones happy. Can you read Mrs. Mitchell's letter without feeling your responsibility to the sufferers in your home? Wine of Cardui cures disordered and painful menstruation, periodical headaches, falling of the womb and leucorrhoea. It cures extreme cases of these troubles. It strengthens girls approaching womanhood, helps bring children to barren homes, makes pregnancy and childbirth easier, prevents miscarriages and is the best medicine ever made for use during the change of life. Why permit the good women in your home to suffer another day? Every druggist has \$1.00 bottles of Wine of Cardui.



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